The Prism of the Titans
by Jonathan Olvera

Before the Earth took shape as we know it—before continents divided, before oceans breathed—there existed a temple. Ancient, sacred, and unseen by the eyes of time, it was known only to the worthy: the caretakers of the titans and the keepers of balance between the realms of creation.

This temple was a shrine to both the monkey and the earth.

Its foundation rested upon the four elemental planes—fire, wind, earth, and water. Within its boundaries, time was irrelevant, and truth was fluid. The monkeys, ancient and wise, had existed long before humanity walked upright. They climbed through winds, swung through trees, walked on sacred soil, and meditated upside down—contemplating the great transformation that loomed in the folds of the universe.

They were not just animals; they were stewards, bound by oath to the titans and the divine work of the Creator.

The world was still malleable, like clay upon the potter's wheel. Light pierced through the cracks in the sky, searing the stone, streaking the air with fire and shadow. The sun, in its youth, was fierce and unrelenting, burning through the heavens with no mercy. The monkeys, exposed to its violent rays, prayed and meditated, calling upon the elemental guardians to shield them from the change.

Their prayers were heard, but not in the way they expected.

The transformation came.

The sun's unyielding heat turned the monkeys to stone.

Not just stone—but monuments. Statues carved by the hand of the universe itself, their features frozen in eternal meditation. Through firestorms and swirling winds, the ground beneath them hardened. The canvas of creation folded like a page in a cosmic book. The once-blue ocean was pressed into crystalline diamonds—blue and glimmering like frozen tears of the sea.

The sun, burning with celestial wrath, began to collapse. It was not a natural death. The Black Titan appeared, a colossal figure whose hand could hold the sun like a candle. With one great gesture, he crushed the sun’s core—smothering its fire, extinguishing its rage.

Yet death was never the end. The Earth watched this destruction with solemn grace. In witnessing the fall of light, it swore an oath: to hold the blood and memory of the Creator within itself. It drank the light. It absorbed the sacrifice. And from that sacrifice, red diamonds grew—piercing the earth like sacred fruit, the seeds of divine memory.

Then, in the silence that followed the sun’s fall, the crushed light began to speak.

The sun, in its last breath, gave its essence to the elements. Yellow flames sparked to life, forging golden stones. The red, blue, and yellow diamonds merged in piles beneath the blackened sky, awaiting a new design. As the Black Titan turned away, a new order emerged: the world shifted once more from a prism of dimensions into an ocean prison—where light was bound, and monkeys turned to statues awaited release.

The elements bowed to the will of the titans. Fire, Water, Wind, and Earth danced in obedience, creating thousands of orbits, spinning life and meaning into the cosmos. The metals of the world stretched into a molten sky, forming clouds of orange heat that funneled into the heart of the Black Titan. Through him, the energy was transformed—delivered into a green pasture, fertile and untouched, where time began again.

Here, the stone monkeys stood. Silent witnesses. Each one a relic of the past, housing memories not their own but shared across the eternal mind of the universe.

And in the center of this green world lay the artifact.

An orb, carved from the fused diamonds—red, yellow, and blue, pulsing softly with light that shifted like breath. It was not merely a relic; it was alive. It was memory. It was the last echo of the Creator's will and the first breath of a new age.

Whoever touched the orb would awaken visions—not dreams, but truths. It would reveal lost memories, not just of self, but of the cosmos. It could alter perception, bend reality, turn myth into memory and memory into prophecy.

The artifact waited, patient and perfect, surrounded by the stone guardians—monkeys posed in meditation, still watching the skies for signs of change.

A traveler will come.

He—or she—will stumble upon the green pasture, guided by instinct or fate. They will see the statues. They will hear whispers not with their ears but with their soul. They will feel the heat of a sun long extinguished, the breath of a wind that no longer blows, the tremble of a fire sealed in stone.

And they will touch the orb.

When they do, the past will awaken. The Black Titan will stir. The oceans may rise again into prisms of color. The monkeys may blink, breathe, and speak. The shrine to earth and beast will reopen its gates.

And then, we will remember.

The world we know is not the first. The past is not behind us—it is beneath us, wrapped in stone and sealed by time. But memory has a voice, and when the artifact sings, all truths return.

This is the legacy of the titans.

This is the Prism of the Creator.

And it begins again.